

Meanwhile

Starlito

Only time will tell
Offer these niggas too much time they gone tell
Only grind by myself
Couple lines of the lean and liter (any my heater)
Ain't trying to take a L
Took a loss
Then I learned
What I bought bitch I earned
Fake rap niggas steady lying to themselves (nah
Couple nights ago my fifth time making bail
Took my FN
Got my nine in my belt
No GPS help me find myself
Look inside my heart
All the kindness then left
Eyes all dry
And crying don't help
Winners won't quit
That's why I don't fail
Yea
And I know all about being fucked up
Won't nobody give you nothing
Call it tough love
No joke
It'll break a nigga spirits when you broke
That the shit that taught me how to hustle

[Hook 2X:]

Meanwhile
The bills still coming
I ain't got enough money
I can feel it in my stomach
Ain't chilling till a nigga get a million every month
You ain't with it
Man there ain't nothing
I can feel it when it's coming

[Don Trip:]

My balls and my word
That's all I have
I don't trust shit
You can fault my past
The money bring temporary friends and hoes
I've been through them all and it taught my ass
Dirty as the tires and the rental I'm in
All that work and I never clocked in
Can't do nothing but shake my head when I think about all of the money I spent
2% tint on that black 550
If a nigga come get me
He gone have to die with me
AR15 short enough to ride with me
I'm too rich to catch the bus
But too broke to buy a Bentley
Second thought I could've bought two
Still getting three or four for a walk through
I lost money, lost friends, lost love and love ones

No wonder I got lost screws

[Hook]

[Young Dolph:]

Blowing smoke in the air

I got P's everywhere

Woreseome ass bitch won't stay out of my ear

Woke feeling like the player of the year

I put the syrup down

Po'd a glass of Belvedere

You ever been fucked up (Nigga hell yeah)

That's why I go so hard on these fuck niggas

Meanwhile I'm looking for a stash house in Bel Air

I'm fucked up in the mental

I don't trust niggas

My childhood was a wild hood

Niggas getting murked in our hood

This life that we living nigga this shit ain't all good

Four grams of that super cookie in my backwoods

Jewelry box full of gold but I use to play them up

Pull up in the hood and all the bitches want hugs

If she roll the weed good I'll buy the bitch a pair of Uggs

Still jump out on the block with my niggas smoking blunts

[Hook]